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COINCIDENCE OR SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE?

by Bill Devitt

Bill Devitt is a retired mining engineer with BS and MS degrees from Penn State and the Colorado School of Mines. His work led him to live in seven different states and travel in twenty-six countries around the world. Halfway through his career, his "eyes were opened" by some "unusual experiences" in the late '70s. They led to years of reading on the subjects of OOBEs, lucid dreams, remote viewing, and channeled spiritual information. Bob Monroe's book Journeys Out of the Body began it all. This led to Bill's completing the GATEWAY VOYAGE® *in 1981 and* GUIDELINES® *twenty years later in 2001! The subject of this article is the unusual way he "found" a copy of Monroe's second book,* Far Journeys*.*

After an unusual psychic experience in 1978, I began looking for information on and reading about out-of-body experiences (OOBEs). The first book into my library was *Journeys Out of the Body* by Robert Monroe. After a brief but very real spontaneous-ejection-type-OOBE in 1981, I attended The Monroe Institute's *GATEWAY VOYAGE* program to learn more. One of the highlights was a visit by Bob for an evening discussion. Over the years, infrequent but interesting "events" maintained my interest and my library got bigger and bigger. Two years ago, I visited the local old-book store. The only book of interest to me was a faded-jacket-hardcover probable first edition of Monroe's *Journeys Out of the Body*. Twenty years after *GATEWAY*, to the week, I returned to TMI to attend *GUIDELINES* and I took the old book with me to show to the trainers. Five months later the following events transpired in Sedona, Arizona:

My wife and I were spending part of a Vegas vacation seeing the sights of northern Arizona. We drove south from Flagstaff to Sedona on October 26, 2001. I had looked at a map brochure of Sedona knowing that the town should have some New Age bookstores, given the attention the red rock area gets from psychics interested in the nearby vortices (power points). The Center for the New Age sounded like the best bookstore, and I tried to pinpoint it on the map. It was across the street from the "renowned" Tlaquepaque Arts and Crafts Village.

After driving around the north and west main streets and seeing no bookstores of interest, I decided to venture south from the "Y" on Arizona Route 179 to find the Center for the New Age. Finding Tlaquepaque should make it easy. Well, we drove and drove and looked and looked. After several miles we appeared to have left Sedona. We kept going through the countryside until we came to the Village of Oak Creek shopping center. My wife glimpsed a New Age sign, but I said, "Let's go a couple blocks more and come back." There was a Visitor Center off to the left, and I parked and went inside. A lone "greeter" was talking to some

customers. I waited awhile to show him my map and ask directions. Still busy. I went to the restroom. Still busy. I decided it was hopeless and left.

We decided to check out the nearby “Mystic Moon New Age Shop.” Their motto: “We offer the tools and information to help you on your spiritual journey.” Outside there was a small “psychic fair.” Inside a fellow was playing a guitar and singing. I scanned the shelves of books on the right side, across the rear, and on the left. Nothing of interest. I had to go around the guitarist to check one last, small bookcase. Only one book caught my eye: *Far Journeys* by Robert Monroe, a mint condition, hardcover, first edition. On the blank page facing the front cover was penned, “Bill—See you in 12! Robert Monroe Aug ‘86 Thank you for coming!” Well, I’m sure you know I bought it (only $8!).

Then we left and drove about five miles back to Sedona. There, not more than a half mile from the center of Sedona and on the very same road we had traveled, was the Center for the New Age bookstore with Tlaquepaque right across the street. Both of them were very obvious. We had passed right between them to drive clear to the Village of Oak Creek and the one small store with the one BIG book! Something must have blinded us to the obvious as we drove south out of town and also hindered me at the Visitor Center, all so I could end up at a place I wasn’t hunting for to get Bob’s book with the 1986 message. Maybe Bob had intended it for ME, too, far in the future, and he just made sure I got it!

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